

STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE

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VOL. XXII

MARCH, 1918

No. 6

Lumber, stacks of it, piled criss-cross in the lumber yards
LUMBER in great square and oblong stacks. They stretch away in every direction, jut out in ells and run in diagonals and you wonder how the little cars that run about so busily and the wagons that creep about or go in exotic galloping jirks when a raw-hide whip cracks unexpectedly, do not run into them or become irretrievably lost in their mazes. There is no order in them and it seems that they are piled with the sole object of occupying the most possible space and causing the most possible inconvenience to all comers.

For years it lies there and sometimes, in an old lumber yard, stacks may be seen quite rotten and weather beaten. It is good lumber, but that particular community has no use for it and so it lies and rots, cluttering the ground with debris where houses might be built or a park be founded.

Is this a picture of your mind? Are you busily engaged in stacking beautiful, smooth new lumber in neat criss-

cross stacks all about your mental premises, and meanwhile neglecting to plan a use for the lumber? Are you sure you are not blocking up desirable routes for streets and railroads by ill-placed stacks? Will you ever find a definite use for the particular kind of lumber that you are stacking? Have you thousands of feet of ceiling and weather-boarding and even shingles but no joists? It might be well to plan your structure before you stack another foot.

People who have never thought of gardening before are now filling each square foot of their tiny city back yards with seeds and slips. For months, they have been planning just what they would plant, and studying just how to prepare the ground. The Department of Agriculture is overrun with inquiries about gardening—inquiries which show the newness of the undertaking to some of the gardeners, even inquiries for macaroni seed, but all of which show the earnest-

WAR GARDENS

ness of people throughout the country in their attempts to increase the food supply.

Why are novices gardening? Why are they trying to do things about which they know nothing? Why are those who failed last year beginning again with undimmed determination and new knowledge gained by experience and hard study? Simply this: they are endeavoring to meet the crisis of the nation by producing a commodity which is in great demand—a necessity! It is said that the person who wastes land is a slacker!—In this time of crisis, the individual who wastes any productive agency is a slacker.

What have the college women of America to offer to the world now and in the coming period of readjustment? There lies within them the potentiality, the productive agency for a necessity. This necessity is *leadership*. We have heard of leadership before, but it has now taken on a new meaning. Now that many of our strongest leaders in every community are gone, it is incumbent on every trained woman to plant and cultivate the necessities to meet this crisis in her country's history. Even those who know nothing of the product must learn and plant and cultivate and manufacture until the product is completed. Leadership, like the macaroni, is not a first hand, single-process product, and much

must be known of it and much labor expended. The seeds to be planted?

First of all: an understanding of people is necessary. Study the girls and faculty around you, the men and women before the public, and the characters in the books which the ages have tested and found true.

Second: study the needs of people,—the small every day needs and the big crisis needs. Know what is being written on the needs of people; eternal needs and present temporary needs. Read, study and think, and do not depend solely on a chance lecture or a random word of the faculty on class for your knowledge.

Third: learn to meet these needs, and, most important of all for us, learn to teach others to meet them. This has been the problème of the ages, it is true, and many women have been among those who have helped meet the needs, but at this time the burden of meeting them is thrust as never before on the women of America, and most of all, upon the college women of America.

You must plant your garden, and plant it carefully and nurture the plants; for the nation is calling to each of you for this necessity in a period of crisis. Insofar as you fall short in leadership, so far will your community fall short in its quota towards a stronger nation for war or peace.

Victory

PEARL SOUTHERLAND, '20, ADELPANIAN

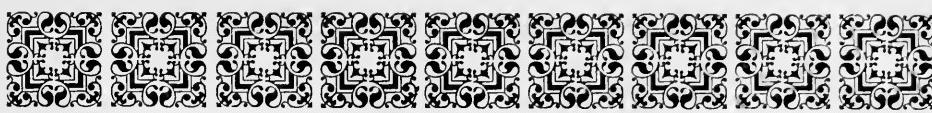
Lord of our agitated world,
Captain of man's fated ship,
Within whose grasp lies the control
Of the mad fight upon the deep:

To Thee, who knowest our grievous woe,
We send a tearful plea for those
Who, on the deck, with might and main
Grapple for us against our foes.

This be our prayer: not victory
Unless our cause be right and just;
Not triumph over enemies
Because for triumph's sake we must;

But this: With each man's conscience, Lord,
Light a clear path for purity;
Tune purpose to a high resolve,
Trueness to self and loyalty!

The Standard White fling up to mast;
With its pure folds inspire each man—
Teach him its full significance—
Then let him conquer, for he *can!*



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No. 6

The Last Tiny Thing

EDITH RUSSELL, '19, CORNELIAN

Early in the morning she had set out under blue, white-flecked skies, over golden, pink-pebbled sands, beside a sea, spangled with eerie light; it was twilight now when she was returning under purpling, dusky skies, over grey, wind-swept sands, beside a sea thronged with formless mystic shadows. The morning had seen a glint of the gold of hope shimmering in her wide, dark eyes; the twilight found a shadow of the grey of despair dimming their light and their life. Unmindful of the driving wind, she walked swiftly and determinedly onward, her eyes straining through the gathering darkness, seeking to catch the outlines of the low-eaved cottage on the shore whither her steps led. As she walked, she was thinking feverishly, thinking, planning some way of escape from the wolf of starvation, ever-threatening, now horribly near. If there were only herself to think of,—but there was Telka. Sometimes it seemed folly to her to have brought Telka across the thousands of miles of watery waste that lay between her and old Norway, even though they were coming to the Land of Promise—frail helpless Telka, with the fluttering, inquiring white hands and the sightless eyes. Tonight her helplessness pressed in upon her

doubly. The night and the call of the sea in her ears lured her, and signaled a path into which she must pass, if at all, alone. She went up on the porch and opened the door, to hear, coming from the adjoining room, in a voice as faint and silvery as fairy music:

“Frederica, is it you?”

“Yes, Keen Ears!” she answered lightly, and hurried into the shadowy room.

“And did you have great luck?”

“Well, I’ll tell you about it after-while. You haven’t been afraid, have you? I walked as quickly as possible, but there’s a wind blowing, and I took the shore route.”

“Oh, no! Is it late? Are you lighting the lamp?—Yes, I hear you.—Frederica, did you get the place?”

“You just wait, now, and I’ll tell you all about it, when you’ve had supper.”

She had known that it would be hard to tell this little, dependent sister, of the dashing of their last hope, but she had schooled herself for the task—or so she had believed. It was infinitely harder, however, than she had expected and she realized poignantly that every tender, well-chosen word intended to veil the seriousness of the failure had

abandoned her. With trembling fingers, she prepared the supper she was denying herself for Telka and led her gently to the small round table.

"It is getting late, don't you think you'd better tell me now what you did, Frederica? Did the big man at the hotel give you the place, and will we never have to worry any more about money, and can we send back for the dear mother in a few years now? Oh, Frederica, tell me!"

Frederica struggled to her feet and began pacing back and forth across the room. She twisted her slender fingers and words rose, unbidden, to her lips.

"No! No! No! No! He had given it to some one else! I do not know what will become of us,—no money, no work,—no hope! It is so hard, here in this country. I had thought I would find it a place of opportunity—We have tried so long and so hard, and now—and now, our last chance is gone and it's all of it do over again!"

Frederica flung herself into a chair and gazed with hot, tearless eyes at the white face before her. Telka was hunched forward on the edge of the chair and was weaving her frail fingers in and out in an effort to understand.

"Why?" she questioned, "Why didn't the big man take you, Frederica? Why did he take some one else? Didn't he think you would do?"

"Why?" reiterated the other girl, "why? Because he said the other woman had had experience; that is always the cry. Never can people who have had no experience secure the work. The other woman had worked once for a big hotel in New York. She knew the American system and I was not familiar with it. I told him about

my father's books—how for years I had kept his books for him. But no! no!"

"Did you tell him about me? Perhaps if he had known that I was here, for you to take care of, he would have tried you, anyway. Did you tell him that there was a Telka, Frederica?"

"No! He would not have cared. What is one blind girl, more or less? What difference would it make in this mad, rushing country if one blind girl should perish? Oh, no, I did not tell him about you!"

"And you think he would not care what becomes of me? You think no one in all this great country would care?"

"Of course they wouldn't! No one here cares what happens to any other one. Its a selfish, proud country, a country where everybody works and suffers only for himself. Ah, I have not been in it long, but I have found out that much! Even when we first landed in that great, broiling New York I realized that. Henrik Helker himself had come under the sway of its spirit. Although he met us, as he had written the old mother, he was eager to find the opportunity to help us move on. Oh, he was glad when we had learned a few American ways, and could speak a pitiful English to send us away, away down here to this Florida!—No, the hotel manager would not care to hear about you."

A sigh and a pause.

"Frederica, don't you think it is queer that we have never found the Mrs. Preston, Henrik sent us to see? Perhaps, if we could only have found her and if she really had been looking for some one to manage her Norwegian tea room, you need not have asked the big man for work."

"Oh, my dear," moaned the older woman, "don't you know there was no Mrs. Preston and no tea room?—it was all part of Henrik's scheme. Poor child! This world is too much for you. But, there! I could not hope that you would battle with it. No, I must always take care of you,—and I—I cannot even take care of myself. If there were only one of us, she might get along; but the two of us—oh, it is maddening!"

"Frederica, I am afraid! Can't we go back on the big ship to the dear mother and not wait to make our fortunes! Oh, let's go! We can manage to get along in the old country!"

"Go back!" grated Frederica, harshly. "Oh, Telka, you are such a child! How can we go back when we have no money to buy food?" A hint of impatience had crept into Frederica's voice. Come on! There's no use for you to try to understand it. Come on, and let me take you to bed."

"But, Frederica, what will we do?" She rose, and groped until her hands touched those of her sister. "Oh, do not be impatient with me. I know I am a burden, and if I were not here, you could make something wonderful of yourself, with your glorious voice. Oh! what shall I do?"

"You'll come on to bed now, little girl," said Frederica, with her old gentleness, "and my 'glorious voice' shall sing you to sleep. Grave questions must not concern you. Perhaps I can manage somehow. I am going back in the morning and apply for a place as waitress. Perhaps," bitterly, "my inexperience will not bar me there. You are the only thing that is worrying me, Telka. If there were just myself, I could see my way clearly, but I cannot let you suffer."

Her deft hands were arranging the low bed as she spoke. She dropped down on the side, now, and drawing the girl beside her, she began stroking her hair and humming an old Norwegian love song. Presently, she broke off to say: "Perhaps some day, little Telka, there'll be enough for both of us to live on."

The blind girl caught her breath and moved jerkily; "Do you think so, Frederica? When? How soon? You could have your voice trained then, couldn't you?"

A bitter little laugh rose to the girl's lips. "That was an idle supposition, dear," she said, "there will probably never be enough. And, Telka, please don't speak of my voice. If the time ever comes when we shall have enough for both of us, and can bring the little mother over, it will be too late to do anything with my voice. And the thought of that is killing me—we won't talk about it."

There were a few moments of silence; then Frederica took up the old refrain and carried it bravely to a close. She began a second, but her long trip, her disappointment, and her struggle at home had exhausted her, and the lovely tones grew faint and fainter and died away, leaving the blind girl holding a sleepless vigil over her slumbering sister.

Every word of Frederica's had been stamped ineffaceably on her tortured brain—every word, not only of the talk just passed, but of countless others, and her sensitive nature was responding to this acumen of bitter knowledge and conjecture. Ever since the sisters had left Norway, and had landed in the "mad, broiling" city, Telka had felt more and more strongly her dependence and the fact

that she had become an obstacle in the path of her sister. She knew that Frederica loved her devotedly—indeed she had had ample proof of it. There was the time that the rich lady had wished to engage Frederica as a travelling companion. She remembered Frederica's cheerful refusal, made because of the equal impossibilities of taking her or of leaving her by herself. This was only one instance; there were others. Telka realized that her presence was preventing the sister she loved from attaining her highest desires. All of this she had thought before—all of it, in the lonely night hours, which were no darker for her than the daytime moments, but whose sense of loneliness was derived from the fearful, brooding quiet of the whole earth, broken only by wind-sounds and sea-sounds, sounds full of the awe of eternity. The blind girl felt somehow akin to the cool silent nights, closely akin to the raging nights of tempest and storm. Long, long hours she lay thinking. What was it Frederica had said? "What difference would it make in this mad, rushing country if one blind girl should perish?"

I cannot even take care of myself.—If there were only one of us, she might get along; but the two of us — oh, it is maddening!"

The words repeated themselves over and over again. Frederica was right, she decided, one blind girl could make no difference to the great world, and she might make vast difference to her sister. Frederica had worked for her now for such a long time. If it had not been for her, the beautiful voice might even now be developing under the guiding touch of some master.—"If there were only one of us!"—

Telka had always been glad that she was alive; even her useless eyes had not made her despondent. She had never wished for death, never until her father's death and the terrible days that had followed.

It was during this time that the old mother had determined to send her children to the storied shores of America, sustaining a child-like faith that somehow the wonder-land would care for them.

Her life had been a beautiful thing, surrounded as it was with comfort and happiness and love, and she had lived it in joy, with never a thought of her helplessness. Here, however, far away from the old house whose every corner she knew, whose every piece of furniture had felt her gentle, inquiring touch countless times, here it was different. The thought persisted. "If I were not here," she said to herself, "perhaps Frederica could find new work, and could win her fortune sooner. She said that with the two of us to care for, she could never win it until too late to study her music. Oh, what shall I do? What—shall—I—do?"

The moaning wind and the tumbling sea, alone, answered her.

The following morning Frederica again took the shore route to the nearby summer resort, and the grey evening found her returning, this time with a glimmering hope in her heart. The wolf should be forced to retreat for a brief space at least. The "big" man of Telka's imagination had given her a place as waitress. True, it was for a merely nominal wage, but it would keep them in food for a time; and the owner of the cottage had mercifully departed the district some five years before, without any directions as to

the disposal of his property. There it had stood until the two homeless girls had found it—one of the many summer shacks, built for temporary habitation, that abound along the southern shores. Her spirits were scarcely lightened, however, for she chafed at the lowly office to fill which she had engaged herself, and at the impossibility of saving even the smallest amount from the salary. Glimpses of how different her life would have been, had she been able to accept one of the splendid offers that had been made her, flashed before her mind's eye, and left her breathless with their vividness, and with a sense of being mocked by her inability to make them real instead of visionary.

Telka's glad little cry at the news repaid her, however, and banished all thought of the sacrifices she had made for this patient, little sister's sake. She encouraged the blind girl to chatter on of the happy days in store for them when the dear mother should come across the great ocean, and never for one moment did she notice that the chatter was forced, that the nervous little hands kept beating feverish time on the arms of the chair, that the delicate chin quivered at times, and that she sang herself to sleep at night, leaving the girl beside her staring with great, sightless eyes into the void, thinking, thinking, resolving.

One afternoon, earlier than was her custom, Frederica burst into the room with a wild cry that brought Telka to her feet, grasping frantically with her hands, and swaying like a grass blade in the gale.

"What is it? What is it? Tell me," she gasped, "Come here, where I can touch you."

Frederica caught her hands and

pressed them violently in her own burning ones: "I have found her," she said, tensely.

"Found whom, Frederica?"—Then with a flash of intuition: "Oh! I know! The Mrs. Preston of Henrik's story! Oh—!"

"Yes," gasped Frederica, "she is here—stopping at the hotel. I heard some one call her by name as I was waiting on the table at lunch, and, like a flash, I thought of the woman that Henrik had sent us to find."

Telka jumped swiftly to conclusions, "Then Henrik was mistaken in the place—she is here, instead of in the town he told us."

"Yes! Here, sit down, let me tell you." Frederica pushed the girl into a chair, and dropped on the floor at her feet, where she sat holding her hand tightly in her own.

"Yes, yes! what did you do? Did you speak to her? Had Henrik written her? Tell me, tell me!"

Slowly, patiently,—"Yes, Henrik had written her, but let me begin where it really started. After lunch I went out to the tennis court where she was watching a game, and asked her if she were the Mrs. Preston whose home was in Jacksonville (that you know is where Henrik wrote her) and if she knew Henrik Helker."

"Oh, Frederica, I could never do that! Weren't you afraid?"

"No, for she is lovely to look at and I knew she would not think me forward. She said she was the very one, and then, because of my funny English, I suppose, she said,

'I believe you are Frederica Heidelberg. I have been wondering why you did not come. I am afraid it is too late now; the place has been filled for weeks.' "

"Oh-oh," moaned Telka. Her rigid form relaxed suddenly.

"But, listen, Telka," went on the older girl, "there is more. She said that Henrik had told her of my voice and— — — and she asked me to sing for her."

"Oh!" repeated Telka, breathlessly. "Did you? What did she say?"

"Just what the master in Christiania said—I should have it trained. She said it is a remarkable heritage and it is a crime for me to neglect it. Oh, why did she talk to me like that? That was crime for her! She stirred up all the old fire that I thought I had quenched. Why should I have a voice—I who can never train it?"

The girl struggled to her feet and stumbled to the window, where she stood with eyes fastened on the wind-tossed sea, her mind its counterpart.

"Why should I have an ambition?—I who can never satisfy it!"

The other girl had risen to her feet, too, and stood grasping the back of her chair with both eloquent hands, biting her thin lips in helpless agony.

"She painted scenes that maddened me. The crowded theatre—soft colors, rich jewels, the fragrance of flowers—the rising curtain—and the center of it all—me, my voice, rising and falling, swaying and moving the crowd to smiles and to tears—my voice, my voice! Ah—"

The sound of a sob echoed deep in her throat, rising from her very heart. She felt the cool hands of Telka closing over hers and heard the fairy music of her voice—

"There, there, my own, my big sister. It shall be as you wish. Ah, trust me, trust Telka, she knows." The voice was calm, soothing; she talked as one for whom the pathway

of the future was suddenly illumined by a clear, white light. To Frederica, listening, it seemed the voice of prophecy, piercing the inmost depths of her heart and calming the tempest of her mind, as sunshine melts the hard ice from the eaves.

"Don't be afraid," it continued, "everything shall be removed from your path. Do you believe me? Say you believe me—ah, I know, I know—You will attain the desires of your heart—all of them. The—the crowd, the flowers—all of it. I see, tonight, quite plainly that you must get them all. And the dear mother will be so proud of you, and I — — and I — — Yes, surely I shall be proud, too, for am I not foretelling it? Nay, perhaps it will even be I — — — but there! Don't cry, my dear one, trust me; everything will be removed from your way—I know. Every last tiny thing!"

Night again—calm night, this time, with glistening stars overhead, and a tender whispering sea. The last note of Frederica's song died away.

"Telka," she whispered softly, "are you asleep, dear?"

No answer except the gentle breathing. Frederica turned on her side and gave herself up to slumber. Several minutes passed. A gentle, sighing wind fondled the sea and beguiled it to low-toned confidences. Slowly, very slowly the white figure arose. Slowly, very slowly it felt its way across the room, unaided by the white starlight, to the door and out, out upon the wind-kissed sands. The moving hands never ceased their groping, groping for the right way. Straight onward it walked, never swerving to left nor right, never turning, never hesitating.

"I shall reach it soon," thought the girl.

Its voice called her in its softest tones. The smooth sand flowed away under her bare feet, the white stars shone on her shimmering dark hair, and her lustreless, violet eyes that saw them not. Now the myriad cool hands of the great murmuring ocean caught the hem of her white gown in fingers of foam. She raised her hands toward

those stars that she had never seen, and offered her last prayer to Heaven:

"Dear Lord, teach the dear mother in the far home country to understand. Teach her; for you know that the last tiny thing has been taken away."

The stars gleamed, the wind still murmured its tale of love to the sea, and far out on the gracious bosom of the deep, wrapped in a robe of mist, lay the still, calm form.



Springtime

MY RENDEZVOUS

MEADE SEAWELL, CORNELIAN

I have a rendezvous with God
'Neath heaven's gold-lit skies,
Where softly speaks the dew-touched sod
Of God's great Paradise;
Where drowsy streams that wind and bend
Beneath a roof of living green
Their music with the breezes blend
That sings the Great Unseen;
Where little purple violets bloom
And woodsy blossoms rove
And spread about with breath perfume
That God to all is Love.
With sweetest songs where flowers nod
And all the earth is good,
I have a rendezvous with God
In God's great restful Wood.

CLEMATIS

WILLARD GOFORTH, '20, ADELPHIAN

Clematis, blanketing creek banks,
Surmounting the tallest trees,
Kissing the rippling water,
Perfuming the breeze.

Clematis, smothering garden walls
Forming rich haunts for the bees,
Softening man-made angles
Hiding all rot and disease.

Clematis, thots of it twining
Close thru my memories
Softening the hurts, covering the soils,
Setting dull pain at ease.

THE ROBIN

MARY D. MURRAY, '20, CORNELIAN

A warm sweet wind creeps o'er the hills,
From a far-off summer clime,
" 'Tis Spring," it softly whispers
To a Robin in a vine.

Fluffing and puffing his scarlet vest,
And singing and swinging, this little Redbreast,
Calls to his mate,—methinks he sings,
" 'Tis Spring, Sweetheart, 'tis Spring!"

THE COMING OF THE SPRING

MARY L. JACKSON, '21, ADELPHIAN

Across the frozen marshes
The crimson sunset spread
The beauty of its color
Before the day had fled;
And on the leafless branches
The birds began to sing
That message that we love to hear,
The coming of the Spring.

Because the song went ringing,
The violets awoke,
And earth shook off her wreathes of snow
With winter's rusty cloak.
And as the crimson faded
To lilac's tenderer hue,
A silver star went shooting
Across the heaven's blue.

The warm winds from the southlands,
Swept up the wooded hill,
And withered leaves of last year,
Which long had been so still,
Were swept and whirled along the ground
As if they'd taken wing,
As nature heralded in to us
The coming of the Spring.

The Soul Market

ELSIE ANDERSON, '18, ADELPHIAN

In an oriental city stands a girl in a slave market. She is young, beautiful, and accomplished. Because of some one's greed for gold, she is to be sold into slavery, into a life that is worse than death. Beyond the seas there are lands of freedom, lands of happiness and usefulness, but between her and liberty and usefulness stands slavery. Slavery is an institution of the past? I wonder.

We are wonderful creations as we come from the hands of the master, and beautiful and good. But we who shudder at the slavery of the body, willfully and willingly sell our souls into bondage.

The greatest soul market in the world is so-called popular fiction. How many people have sold themselves here to the bondage of low ideals, ignoble views, base desires and a life of endless mediocrity!

All the varied and turbulent elements of human nature if wisely directed are capable of making us gods; if misdirected, of making us brutes. Love has created the greatest paintings and inspired the masterpieces of literature—and love has made men outcasts and beggars. Love has made men immortal and it has made them beasts. High and noble ambitions have reared the empires of the world and misdirected ambition has shattered the life of nations. Our natural impulses are developed rightly or wrongly largely by the books we

read. Everyone reads some kind of books. More people read fiction than any other form of literature; for the love of stories has been inherent in the human heart since the world was young.

If nothing else kept us from reading the lower order of fiction, pride should. None of us should feel that anything short of the best is good enough for us, and all of us should be ashamed to display bad taste. But this is not the real reason. The real reason is that great literature makes us free, free from prejudice, free from conceptions that are little and mean. It places us in a broader atmosphere and gives us a wider perspective of life.

But just what is the difference between great books and little? There are many differences but the chief one is that great books are real. They are the expressions of the real feelings, the real emotions, the real soul of man. There is the same difference between a great story and a little that there is between a grand cathedral and its feeble grotesque shadow.

Popular fiction is a sort of made-to-order affair. Some editor using a literary hack as his tool decides that a tale with just the right sort of sentimental love story, seasoned by a trifle of moralizing, duly mixed with a dash of flattery, and properly sweetened with a tantalizing little suggestion of the forbidden, will appeal to a certain class of women,—and the

the pity of it is that it does. And lo, our slave dealer has made a big profit!

Do you suppose that when Charlotte Bronte wrote Jane Eyre, she sat down and calculated just what passions of human nature she needed to appeal to in order to make her book go, just what low tastes she needed to pander to in order to make money? No. Jane Eyre was the story of Charlotte Bronte's own immortal love. True, the book is horrible and a trifle repulsive but do you think anyone was the worse for reading it? It does not hurt us to face life fairly; it doesn't even hurt us to see the bad, but it does hurt us to feel the bad in ourselves.

A book may be great without being the author's personal experience, but it must be the expression of a great personality, the feeble effort of the finite to accomplish that god-like feat, *creation*. Nor is the great literature necessarily a matter of style, for some books are immortal that are no better written than those that will not outlive the generations in which they were produced.

Souls for sale! And the immediate price? A few passing thrills, a little false excitement. But, oh, the ultimate cost!

What right have you to say that you are only an ordinary person, that you have no mission in the world, that what you do cannot matter greatly for good or ill? Great tasks are waiting for great men the world over. Men are not formed with great characters, but have them formed by the ideals that are instilled into them. There may be some faint taint in the blood of all of us. Has there not also been in many of earth's greatest characters? The difference between them and us is that they did not nurture it, but fought it.

What right have you to do anything that weakens your character, lowers your standards, impairs your usefulness—merely to pamper a corrupt taste? Your soul is not your own to do with as you please. It was given to you to use, not to abuse. The world is full of great books. No one can read them all. Why waste time on the bad?

Men who have been great successes in every walk of life have testified to the inspiration for their work which they have received from great literature. I wonder how much, many of the world's failures could ascribe to bad literature?

The Jonquil

MARY WADSWORTH, '21, ADEDPHIAN

For many long and weary months the earth had lain bare and brown under its blanket of snow. One morning, as the sun rose, the wind blew the clouds away and the sun and the wind together began to make great brown spots in the open spaces in the woods. Then the wind died down and the sun shone warmer and warmer until just as the last bit of snow disappeared, a magic began to work and work in the sunshine. Perhaps it was a little bluebird who started the magic; anyway, he it was who whispered a great secret to an ugly little brown bulb that was lying just beneath the ground, beside a huge lichenized rock. And the secret was the magic,—and the magic was—Spring! Listening, the little brown bulb trembled with delight and smiled and smiled at the blue-bird so hard that she broke the brown coat. This surprised her so and felt so strange and good that she began to stretch and stretch, until one day she came up out of the ground and stood straight and tall beside the old rock.

At first, everything was brown and dead, and she was a little disappointed. Then the blue-bird came again one day and sang of wonderful things that would happen in the spring and the glorious summer. This made her so happy, she began to stretch again, and this time she made herself so tall that she could look over the big rock. There she saw the tiniest little person in blue, peeping out from under a new green leaf in such a friendly way that she

knew at once it was the Violet. After that, the Jonquil, for it was she, and the Violet watched the Spring grow into early Summer and the flowers wake and come out in all of their fine new gowns.

With early Summer came the time for the great festival of the flowers, when the wise old owl would choose one of them for the Queen. Jonquil attended with her friend, little blue Violet. They looked at all of the great flowers and heard each of them tell about how good and beautiful she was. They admired each one as she was presented and Jonquil could not guess which would be found most deserving of being the queen. She herself was hardly noticed for she really looked very like a piece of ugly, coarse grass.

At last the day came when the queen would be chosen, and there was great excitement, for no one could guess who she would be and many a dainty lady treasured a tiny hope in her heart that she would be selected. At the appointed time, the pompous old owl passed along, examining stately rose, gaudy tulip, delicate arbutus, and each of the others until he came at last to the little Violet and her unknown companion. To this flower he said, "Who art thou?"

"I am Jonquil," she answered, timidly.

"Thou," he pronounced slowly and solemnly, "Thou, who wert yesterday a shy, ugly thing, art today the being

of most grace and beauty. Truly thy golden crown is a fitting one for this is thy coronation day, oh Queen of all the Flowers."

So saying, he blinked wisely around at the assembled flowers and then

flew ponderously to his home in the great oak tree to oversee the doings of his flower children, and watch as they made joyous obeisance to their slender queen with the golden crown.

The Mother Song

MARJORIE CRAIG, '19, ADELPHIAN

O Mother, I peeped at those two little squabs
You said I could have some day,
And their heads were rough with a yellow-brown furze—
So ugly I 'most slipped away
'Fore Mary heard what the old Mother-bird
To the little ones had to say.

It sounded just like your voice while ago
When you kissed all of baby's pink toes,
And said with your eyes shut tighter than this,
"You're sweeter than anyone knows!"
O Mother, I'd fight any fellow in town
Who hurt little pigeons like those.

Out of Devil's Gap

ADELAIDE VAN NOPPEN, '19, CORNELIAN

The wind whined dismally through Devil's Gap, and the pines waved their dark branches and shivered. A sickly gleam of moonlight peeped thru a rift in the scurrying clouds and revealed a dark figure hurrying along the frozen road. He was evidently a stranger, for very few people familiar with Devil's Gap ever ventured thru it at night—and never on such a night as this, when it seemed as if all the spirits of the underworld were roaming about in the darkness.

The moon peeped out once again, and then hid her face as if in terror. The man glanced hastily and fearfully behind him, then bounded over an old rail fence and hurried stealthily on thru the blackness of the pines. At last he came to a place where the trees were more scattered, and the darkness not so dense. There, in the wan light, was visible a weird shell of a house. It looked as if it were a harbor for restless ghosts, as it stared into the forest with its blank window-eyes. The wind howled about its ruins, and the old door swung to and fro on rusty, squeaking hinges.

The man stepped quickly on the old porch which shook beneath his tread, and, pushing open the creaking door, entered. He struck a match and looked around. There was about an inch of dirt and fallen plaster over everything. The bare, splotched walls the creaking floor, the gaping windows—all loomed up weirdly in the flickering light of the match. Cautiously

the man paced through the shack. In the corner of one room he saw something white which made him shudder and step back. The match flamed up, however, and revealed the mysterious object, which was nothing more than a heap of ragged quilts and dirty sheets on a tumbled-down bed. The match went out as a gust of wind blew thru the room, rattling the empty window sashes cruelly. In utter darkness, the man came back to the room which he had entered first. Having selected the corner where the wind seemed to blow least cuttingly, he lay down on the dusty floor and spread his coat over him. Whenever the waving tree limbs scraped against the house, or whenever a limb cracked outside, the man sprang up, looked uneasily out of the window, and then lay down again.

The hours passed wearily, and finally the heavy breathing in the corner told that the man was asleep. He was evidently exhausted, for he slept so heavily that he did not see a tall, shadowy white figure, which slowly appeared from out of the darkness. As if borne in by the wind, it swept mysteriously and silently across the floor to the corner where the man lay.

Truly it was a hideous sight. Instead of eyes, the empty sockets gave out a dim phosphorescent glow, and on the tips of its long bony fingers gleamed the same lavender light. For a moment it stood there, wavering, above the sleeping figure. Then it

knelt and held the glowing fingers close to the man's face. Even in that ghastly light, the man looked young and boyish, but his hair was disheveled and there were signs of hunger, sleeplessness and agony in the lines of his haggard white face. The collar of his khaki shirt was open, revealing a strong, tanned neck. Only for a moment was that weird light on his face, for the ghostly fingers glided swiftly to his coat which lay across his chest. Every pocket was examined carefully and stealthily. In the last one was a small stiff object, which the searcher seized and deftly removed. Noiselessly it arose and floated out of the room.

The spectral presence seemed in some way to have penetrated the subconscious state of the sleeping man, for he rolled over heavily, moaned and began to mutter. His voice sounded hollow and despairing throughout the empty house.

"I can't—my God—another one stabbed, dead—another one through the heart. What! More and more to stab! How the bayonets gleam as they pierce! I shall go mad. I can not—stand—it."

There was a pause in which the man tossed and moaned pitiously.

"They are coming. I hear them. Closer—closer. My God—I shall be shot—a deserter. Mother—your boy—a deserter!" Here the words trailed off into a vague murmur.

A dismal hour had passed. Suddenly, from out of the black silence of the woods sounded the dull thud of galloping hoofs. Closer and more distinct they came until they stopped just outside the shack. There were muffled tones of men's voices, and then foot-steps on the rotten porch.

Swiftly thru the night swept a small circle of light. It slipped thru the window hole and glided noiselessly across the room inside until it came to and rested upon the dark figure huddled in the corner.

"There he is," came in a hoarse whisper. "You go in and get him while I hold the light and pistol here."

A dark figure started towards the creaking door, and had just put his hand on the rusty knob, when, out of the darkness appeared the tall and ghostly spectre. For a moment it stood there, just inside the door, wavering. Then, with a shadowy sweep of its long arms it glided on towards the door. The man with a muttered curse fell back.

"What in Hell is the matter with you?" growled the man at the window.

Just then, from out of the silence and chill of the night rose such a blood-curdling cry that the men's very hearts stopped beating. It began a low wail, and rose higher and more piercing until it was caught up by the wind and swept horribly thru the black forest. Just as it died out, the weird white figure floated out the door into the night. The men were paralyzed no longer. Without a word, they rushed to their horses, clambered into the saddles, and were off into the night with that terrible cry still ringing in their ears.

The man inside sprang up and looked out of the window, but all was still, save for the sound of the galloping hoofs which grew fainter and fainter, and gradually died away. For several minutes he remained there, motionless. Then he fell back and was soon breathing heavily again. Therefore he did not see the white

figure as it floated into the room again. Once more it knelt by his side, placed something in the pocket of his coat, and then rose and melted away in the darkness. There was no sound save the wailing of the wind and the lashing of the tree limbs.

At the first streak of grey in the east, the man opened his eyes, and sprang up. He looked about him in a dazed way. Nervously he reached in his pocket and drew out a small stiff object which he pressed to his lips and then looked at intently. It was a woman's face—a sweet, tender face.

"Mother!" he breathed passionately. "I'm glad you died before you knew your son was a traitor. Piercing and thrusting those dummies, tho, was like hacking human bodies to me. God knows I stood it as long as I could.— Just a little money," he muttered, "and I'd be free!"

Desparately he thrust the picture back into his pocket—when a strange expression of wonder broke over his face. He fumbled about, and then drew out his hand slowly. There in his palm lay a ten-dollar bill and a crumpled piece of paper. For a moment he blinked at it stupidly. Then he opened the sheet and read:

"Get into Mexico as quick as you can, boy. They are on your trail."

"—Where in the duce——?" he muttered. Again his eyes fell on the paper and, with a low exclamation, he thrust the note and money back into his pocket and started for the door. As he hurried by the pile of old bedding, he stepped on something hard. He glanced down. A bright bit of ribbon caught his eye. He picked it up, and, there, in his hand, attached to a strip of black, white and red ribbon, lay a German Iron Cross. The man's eyes grew big and his hand trembled. A rustling in the bushes outside brought him to his senses, and, dropping the badge, he stole swiftly out of the back of the house, and was soon lost to view among the inky pines and shadowy undergrowth.

About noon, an armed posse entered Devil's Gap and rode up to the ruined shack. Of a farmer whom they met, they inquired whether he had seen a suspicious looking man round-about, explaining that they had traced a German Secret Service official to that house. He had seen nothing unusual and so the officers rode on to search the house which had been so terrifying the night before. They turned out every dark corner thoroughly but found nothing but a broken old bed on which was piled only dirty quilts and sheets.

The Bonny Wee Rose

KATHERINE WILLIS, '20, ADELPHIAN

Do ye see yon bonny briar rose
A-clambin' over there?
Tell me why it smells sae sweet,
And why it looks sae fair!

I have pluckit the wee blithe rose,
It lays in the hand o'me.
I look and think o' the land I lo'e best
Far o'er the rollin' sea.

It's been mony a weary year,
Syn I, a gay young lad,
Com' over the rollin', rollickin' sea,
A-wearin' the braw green plaid.

But my heart is pluckit out o' me,
Just as I pluckit the rose,
When I think of dear ol' Scotland,
A-fightin' hard her foes.

Now I ken why it smells sae sweet,
And why it looks sae fair,
It's to remind a home-sick mon,
They need him o'er there.

The First Law

LUCY GAY COOKE, '19, CORNELIAN

It was that sleepy siesta time in the early afternoon at Somnola Springs. The little sapphire of a bay gleaming out of the dull gold setting of the marsh dazzled the eye with the brilliancy of coloring. In the gulf beyond the marsh, a white sail was barely distinguishable against the August haze of the cloudless Florida sky. A warm, salty breeze rustled the clumps of palmetto into drowsy whisperings and stirred the pine trees into gentle, lazy sighing that blended with the rhythmic swish, swish of the waves against the marsh.

On the lower veranda of the dilapidated hotel, the old ladies and gentlemen dozed in their porch chairs. Everything seemed under the somnolent spell of the place. It was an atmosphere of dreams, and to the solitary figure on the upper veranda, the dream was a nightmare.

Harold Manners was very different from the light-hearted, somewhat self-assertive youth, who, up to two days ago, was holding with remarkable efficiency a responsible position in a railroad office, the protege and prospective son-in-law of the superintendent. Here he was now in this out-of-the-world place, his hitherto immaculate attire neglected, hair disheveled, and face drawn and white, pursued by a hideous black something that loomed up blotting out all hope.

He looked out across the bay and tried to think calmly. There was

only one way out of it, he told himself. He had taken life and he must pay the penalty, a life for a life. No! for a hundred lives. He shudderingly buried his face in his hands—again that horrible picture—a jagged mass of black wreckage etched against the feeble cloudy moonlight—queer lumps scattered through it—figures hurrying to and fro with lanterns and stretchers—at times the light falling upon one of the lumps with ghastly illumination—now upon an old lady with white hair and white face and agonized pleading eyes—now upon a child whose eyes were lifeless. Would he never cease to be haunted? Had there ever been a time before that fatal night, or had it all been a dream from which he had awaked to reality? Or was this the dream—this horrible nightmare?

He recalled the indifferent confidence with which he had transmitted that order. He had been thinking about a slight misunderstanding with Evelyn, at their last meeting and of the reconciliation that would come when he should once get through with his work and see her. His eye had chanced to fall upon a map on his desk. It had been caught by the names of two stations. The grotesque similarity of the names had startled him,—Pender's Mill and Bengal's Hill. There was a vague feeling that something was wrong. He had examined the map closely. Suddenly it had

dawned upon him. Frantically he had reached for his record and read it over and over until it had danced before his eyes. There he had sat clutching his desk in dazed horror. He had sent the wrong order. The trains would meet halfway between the two places. They had already met. The picture of the wreck loomed before his eyes. In a few hours there would be the cry of "extra" and staring headlines and an excited crowd, curious and hostile. His first blind impulse had been to hide, to escape anywhere from those headlines—to be alone and think—to get away from that picture.

Thus it was that he found himself at this isolated health resort, where a newspaper never came. But the spectral nightmare had followed him.

In the dining room below, the sole waiter that the place boasted was clearing away the dishes. Evidently he had operatic ambitions, for mingled with the clatter of dishes came strains of a sentimental song which the moving pictures and soda-fountains in the city had long since slaughtered and the organ grinders torn to shreds. The musical aspirant apparently knew only the first and last lines. These he sang over and over with increased prolongation of tone.

"Sometimes when someone ne-ee-ds something,

Something to ma-a-ake someone
gla-a-ad"

and

"L'l-i-ike a ba-a-a-by ne-ee-ds its
mo-o-oth-ah-h-h

Tha-a-s how I-I-I ne-ee-d yo-o-o-o-ou",
came the African voice in fervent ardor.

To Harold, this was maddening.
Not because the desecrated ashes of

the song were not allowed to rest in peace, but because it reminded him of the time when he had first heard it. He had been with Evelyn. That had been ages ago—before—ah, there was the nightmare again. Yes, there was only one way———

He went to his room and wrote a long letter to Evelyn and one to her father, telling them all. It was late in the afternoon when he finished. He left the letters on his table and went out hatless. The old gentleman who had been in the Civil war eyed him with interest as he passed.

"A most extraordinary young gentleman, my dear madam," he remarked to the old lady nearest him.

"Yes indeed, yes indeed," agreed the old lady, shaking her head in perplexity, "a very strange young man. Strange, very strange," she repeated a moment later and dismissed the matter as inexplicable.

Harold stopped by the old Spaniard's store to buy a revolver. The old Spaniard very discreetly and indifferently asked no questions. If he suspected anything, he gave no sign. There was a rumor that the old Spaniard had once been something of an outlaw himself—which may have accounted for his tact.

Harold took a small boat and rowed out on the bay. When he was well out he drew in his oars and drifted. There was no profound soliloquy on "to be or not to be." He was not a philosopher, only a boy, for he was not yet twenty-two, and a very imaginative boy at that—a boy with a tyrannical conscience. He had always had a normal amount of self-love and a wholesome joy in life, which a terrible something had now overshadowed. He was in the agony of remorse. He

had tried and condemned himself and there remained only the execution. He had betrayed his employer's trust in him. He had betrayed his trust in himself. He had committed murder and a murderer had no right to live.

If he had reasoned normally, he might have debated the question of whether it was not cowardly to run away; whether the brave, honorable thing would not be to go back and endure the investigation—suffer the penalty that would be meted out to him—endure the mental torture.

But one does not reason when in a nightmare. It may have been because he was rather selfcentered with the egotism of youth, that he was so overwhelmed with his own self-condemnation that he did not think of the condemnation of others. The idea of legal penalty had not crossed his mind, and the irony of the thing was that he had persuaded himself that he had really reasoned the matter out.

Suicide was not easy for Harold. He was too much in love with life. Life up to this time had been kind to him—perhaps too kind. The sun went down behind the bristling tops of the blue-black pine trees in a riotous glory of color. The moon came up big and yellow over the marsh and grew smaller and pale as it climbed up in the sky, making the water a flood of silver. The tide was low and the water was still. At intervals a silver mullet jumped out of the water, and fell back with a low splash. The air was heavy with the cloying sweetness of the Florida woods. Across the bay at the fisherman's camp there was a merry-making and an occasional breeze that curled the water into rippling waves brought strains of "Turkey in the Straw."

Just such a night it was when he had taken Evelyn canoeing on this very bay. She had played "Juanita" and "Santa Lucia," and "Beauteous Night" on her guitar. And he must leave all of this—must leave Evelyn?

For a n instant he hesitated in his purpose. But perhaps there had been someone else's Evelyn on that train. There was no Evelyn. All of that had been a dream.

He roused himself to his purpose. He must decide which way. He thought of drowning and shivered. There were slimy things in the water. He shuddered again at the thought of a white face floating upward in the moonlight. Then it struck him grimly that it would be rather difficult for the winner of a swimming championship to drown himself.

There was only one way after all. It was the quickest and easiest. He pulled out the revolver and looked at it. There was only one bullet but that would be sufficient. Replacing it he picked up the oars and rowed rapidly to the shore. Every dip of the oar left a phosphorescent, whirling ball of fire.

He landed and walked rapidly into the woods with relentless determination. In an open, grassy spot he stopped and took the weapon in his hand. A strange buzzing sound at his feet caused him to look down. He looked into two small eyes burning with malice. A huge rattler was coiled ready to strike. Horror-stricken at the sight, he aimed quickly and accurately at the evil head. There was a loud report. When the smoke cleared the snake was scattered in pieces on the ground.

For a moment Harold looked at the dead rattler and then at the empty

revolver in dazed bewilderment, which changed to joyous exultation—exultation in life—exultation in the death of an enemy. For the first time the nightmare was forgotten.

An hour later when he came up the path toward the hotel, there was a decisive lift to his chin and a steely light in his eyes. In the reaction that had followed he had come to himself.

He was met by a bluff, portly old gentleman, who was holding a letter in his hand, his jovial brow knit in anxious mystification.

"Is that you Harry?" was his relieved greeting. "Well you've led me a pretty chase. What in the mischief do you mean, sir—running off this way?"

"I was out of my head when I came away, Mr. McNeil. I'm going back now to take my medicine." There was a triumphant ring to his voice. "I take all the blame and I'm going to plead guilty."

"Plead guilty? What are you driving at boy! and what's all this nonsense about a wreck?" tapping the letter impatiently.

Harold stared in amazement. "Then there wasn't a wreck?" he stammered. "But how—why—?"

"Wreck?" exploded the old gentleman. "Of course not! What kind of wreck did you think there was? And what did you mean running off down here, making my little girl cry her eyes out, so that I had to come on

this wild-goose chase. Martin met you coming out when he was going to relieve you. Said you didn't speak to him and that you looked pretty sick. And my little girl's been just about crazy. Some sort of lover's quarrel, I gathered. Well, well, young people—"

"But Mr. McNeil, let me explain," interrupted Harold. "I sent the wrong order—Bengal's Hill instead of Pender's Mill."

"If you had done any such thing, I should certainly have heard of it. Don't fool yourself, son! That Clarkson would have been the kind protector," with a dry chuckle, "and Clarkson ain't the one to read his orders wrong, either."

"But Mr. McNeil I made the mistake and if there wasn't a wreck it was only by accident." It was not easy to give up the role of hero when one had steeled himself to meet its high demands.

"Don't try to pull the wool over my eyes with this wreck business, and the next time you decide to take a little vacation you'd better give notice. I'd have you fired right now if it wasn't for my little girl. You young scamp, you, running off trying to break her heart. Now you just come on to town with me. There's enough of this nonsense."

Harold accepted the inevitable with relief. Perhaps, after all, it had been only a hideous dream.

How Long

LUCY CRISP, '19, ADELPHIAN

How long, O Winter! how long?
'Til thou shalt abandon thine earthly domain
To the sweet, warm breath of the Spring-time rain;
'Til we hear again the pure, high notes,
Thrilling and thrilling from feathery throats,
And the world bursts forth in a glad, new song—
How long, O Winter, how long?

How long, my Soul, how long?
'Til thou shalt weary of heart-rending fears,
Of clouding doubts and needless tears—
And come with all thy burden of doubt
To Him who in nowise will cast thee out,
To receive from him a glad, new song—
How long, my Soul, how long?

The Message That Went Beyond the Seas

SYBIL BARRINGTON, '20, ADELPHIAN

The air in the trench was heavy and dense. Above could be heard the incessant roar of the great war guns—monsters, belching forth their terrible cry of carnage and death. Below, in the trench, the soldiers worked unceasingly. Standing at his place in the line of fighting men was a young man of about twenty-two—hardly more than a lad. His head throbbed; his muscles were sore; his whole body ached, yet he worked. At times it seemed to him that he would fall in spite of every power which he could command. But each time he overcame the weakness with almost super-human strength. Once he closed his eyes to the sickening sights around him. Never for a second did he stop his work. With trembling hands, weakened body, throbbing head, and quivering nerves, he stood with a set, resolute face, and worked, worked, worked—and for what?

Not far away stood the officer in charge of this particular company. Taking advantage of a lull in the fighting, he glanced over his men. Strong man though he was, tears welled up into his understanding eyes. Oh, the pity of it, the waste of it! Almost all of them were young. For a great many of them, today was there first trial "at the front." Again his eyes passed over them and

"His great heart was tender with pity." Finally his eyes fell upon the youth, who stood, during the short pause, leaning against the embank-

ment. He was so young, so like the officer's own son who had "disappeared" a few weeks before. With quick steps the officer reached the youth's side and placed his hand on his shoulder. Startled, the boy looked up and at once came to a salute. But as he stood thus, the watching officer noticed that his arm shook and his fingers trembled. Leaning toward him the man said,

"My boy you must get out of this." A look of astonishment crossed the soldier's face. The officer continued,

"Go back for a while. Sleep, rest, and then come back." But as the boy still hesitated, the man repeated,

"Go, an hour or two of rest will not be wasted." Finally, with faltering steps, the boy started for the rear.

The rest was sweet, the quiet strengthening. For a time he lay with open eyes, listening to the now distant sound of the guns. Then he slept.

He was back across the seas at his home. Through the unshuttered window he saw his family grouped about the open fire. His father sat staring into the fire with eyes which were sad, but smiling. On his knees lay the neglected paper. By the father's side, in the chair which he knew so well, sat the mother, sewing. Her hair was grayer, much grayer, than when he had seen her five months before, but on her face was the look of one who had suffered—yet suffered understandingly, willingly, for a cause she loved.

Near by were his small brother and sister. The former was playing the game all little boys love, in one hand was a toy gun, while in the other he waved proudly above his head a small flag. The latter sat, crooning a childish song, with a doll held close in her arms. Ah, how good to stand and drink, with thirsting eyes, the beloved sight. Then as he looked the father sat up and glanced at the clock above him. Reaching to the nearby table, he opened the Book he loved so well. With tender eyes the boy watched the scene of their evening service, and heard his own name often in the prayer. Soon the simple service was over and the room darkened.

Then the scene had changed. Again he was living over those never-to-be-forgotten days he had spent in the capital city of that country he loved so well, to which he had given the gift of himself. Although he had not been there long, he had seen and heard those things which had sent him back to his home resolved to work for the cause which he felt needed him. Now he was again among the thronging multitude as they listened eagerly, intently, silently to that man of men, that champion of democracy, as he stood before them and spoke the message which was to send them out seeing, as he saw, the great service which was

calling. Again his spirit was fired and his soul aroused by the words which, as they fell, stirred the great crowd:

"For us there is but one choice. We have made it. — — — We are ready to plead at the bar of history and our flag shall wear a new luster. Once more we shall make good with our lives and fortunes the great faith to which we were born, and a new glory shall shine in the faces of our people." At the close of the words, there came again the sound of the deafening applause which had shaken the very foundations on which he had stood. As if he had in truth heard the sound, the soldier wakened.

When the boy had been gone for two hours, the officer, glancing toward the place where he had stood, was surprised to see that the place was no longer empty, but instead, there stood a man with a firm hand, a strong body, a clear head, and quieted nerves. The man worked, worked, worked—

"For democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free people as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free."

A Paradox

VERLA WILLIAMS, ADELPHIAN

I'm as old as even time himself;
I'm young as the last hour to be born.
I was in the sod that formed the rose,
I was in the sod that formed the thorn.
I was in the light that God called forth;
I was in the darkness that is night.
I was in the earth called from the deep;
I was in the firmament of light.
I was in the winds that swept the sea;
I was in the storm and in the dew.
I was in the voice that called forth light;
I was in the fragile plants that grew.
Oh! a strange, eternal paradox;
Mysterious creatures; boundless plan;
I am everywhere and in all things;
Divine and yet human; I am Man.

I Envy the Nightwatchman

WILLARD GOFORTH, '20, ADELPHIAN

I envy the nightwatchman
Who lives through the glorious night
And sleeps—dull sleep—through the day;
For the night is more wonderful than the day,
More mysterious, more poignant, more calm, more human.
The night is more varied than the day,
With its degrees of shadows and shades,
None dismal, none threatening, none harsh,
But soft and soothing and dark.
He misses the mad race and rush,
The glare and the sweat and the clatter;
Hears only the real music of life,
While man with his jarring tools all hushed
Is lost in dreams of the clatter.
I envy the trust that is put in him,
As he walks his rounds through the night,
The safety of buildings and lands and men.
I envy the nightwatchman.

Florence Nightingale

PAULINE STONE, '21, }
IDA GORDNER, '19, } CORNELIAN

"Whoever candidly studies modern progress will find facts that astound him. If the student is a man, he may also be somewhat sobered in his traditional self-adulation about the superior initiative and originality of his sex; if a woman, she may see good reason to lift up her heart and rejoice, because her sisters, far from being the dependents and imitators they were once thought, have founded or shaped so many of our institutions that modern society, to a very great extent, is a woman-made society. Our penal system, by which wrong doers are reformed instead of flogged; our hospitals, with their life saving care, and our nurses who prevent disease in the houses of the poor and aid physicians in the homes of the rich; our women's colleges, where women are educated to be the peers of men, as well as the teachers of the young; our peace-time service of the Red Cross that succors so many victims of flood, fire and cyclone; our war-time service of the Red Cross that is binding up the wounds of a bleeding world; our fast-growing sentiment for woman suffrage, attended by its train of social reforms; our settlements, distributing the benefits of civilization and recombinining the classes in a true democracy—each of these things (and many more) is in part, and most of them are for the greater part, the work of women."

What of this woman, this pioneer woman, who steps aside from the beaten path into the open road of

education, of religion, of social reform? She is a woman who has made her decision and who abides by it, no matter into what morass her open road may lead—for her road is not blocked by the morass but leads on thru it. Such a woman was Florence Nightingale—that pioneer in the fine art of nursing.

Born in the year 1820 into the family of a rich country squire in the midst of Derbyshire, England, where the simple country folks, in their thatch-roofed cottages, lived quiet, solitary lives, amid conditions that varied from well-off to poor, Florence Nightingale's sympathetic nature was early touched by prevailing conditions that she witnessed as she rode through the country with her father or the vicar.

Profiting well by her heritage, she received, through a governess, her father and her mother, the conventional training in modern languages, mathematics, classic literature, music, drawing and sewing that was given a squire's daughter in that period. Had she been limited to this training, she would have been but one of a thousand other squire's daughters. But the broad, sympathetic minds of her parents early realized the native ability and natural tastes of their daughter, as they watched her reset a marigold that had been bruised by a passing cart, or uproot a wild lily plant only to plant it in her own garden, where her concern was not so

much in the garden itself, but in the flowers that needed a garden's protection. The child manifested the same trait in her care of animals; for her keenest interest in her many pets was aroused when anyone of them met with an accident.

"One day Florence was riding home with the vicar to tea. On the way they passed a herd of sheep, in wild commotion. The old shepherd, Roger, could do nothing to control them.

"'What is the matter, Roger?' called the vicar, 'where is your dog?'

"'The boys have been throwing stones at him, sir,' replied the shepherd. 'They have broken his leg and he will never be good for anything again. I shall have to take a bit of cord and put an end to his misery.'

"'Oh!' cried Florence, who overheard the story. 'Poor Cap! Are you sure his leg is broken?'

"'Yes, Miss, it's broke sure enough. He hasn't set foot to the ground since, and no one can't go nigh him. Best put him out of his pains, I says.'

"But the vicar and the girl knew Cap. He was an intelligent and useful dog, and they were sorry to think of his dying. Riding on, they stopped at the cottage where he lay. Florence petted the cringing beast while the clergyman examined his injury. Is it broken? she asked anxiously.

"'No,' said the vicar. 'No bones are broken. There is no reason why Cap should not recover; all he needs is care and nursing.'

"'What shall I do first?' asked the girl quickly, accepting the duty as hers.

"The vicar prescribed a hot compress. The fire was lighted, the kettle put over. The shepherd's extra smock was torn into strips and the dog's limb

bathed until the inflammation was gone. The injury healed and the dog served his master many a year afterward."

But the main issue was the fact that the incident disclosed to the girl her natural tastes, and led to her determination to follow them.

Her father fostered this trait by his own benevolent care of the families less fortunate than his in the neighborhood. The little Angel of Mercy, slight, graceful, with a fine oval delicate face, gray-blue eyes, and smoothly parted brown hair, accompanied by the vicar, did many of her father's errands of mercy. Thus it was that the girl learned through the vicar's kindly advice to the sick and bereaved how to do the most practical good to people in need, how to lessen suffering not alone by gifts and personal sympathy, but by the means a physician uses.

And as Florence grew into womanhood, with all her educational opportunities and social successes, her interests ever turned to the dependent people she had learned to love in Derbyshire. Her one aim was to make these people happier. Then came the realization that she was unfit for the task she was setting herself. She had seen much of the "barbaric ignorance" that prevailed in the slum districts of London and she knew she would have many a problem to solve. The conditions of the hospitals of London led her to the conclusion that the root of all the sick misery of England lay therein and she determined to reform these hospitals.

The decision that determined her life work required courage to be sure, but she did not lack that courage; for she knew the shocking need for intelligent nursing. So it was that the next

thirteen years of her life were spent under the roofs of hospitals, studying whatever methods and systems the hospitals of the continent afforded. It is enough to say that she had to pick up the science in little bits, here and there, and the hardest part was separating the false from the true. It was at Kaiserwerth on the Rhine in a solitary Lutheran deaconess' hospital that she did her serious studying. After finishing the course there, she returned to her home in Derbyshire, whence she was called to be superintendent of the Harley Street Home, in London, an institution which, having been erected to take care of poor broken down governesses, was now about to be closed.

Now came the real problem of Florence Nightengale's life. Was she willing to give up her luxurious home and social position to help the sick and the distressed? The work she did in Harley Street Home and the results she obtained, answer decidedly in the affirmative. As later proved this was but a testing of her ability.

Soon the terrible conditions accompanying the Crimean war challenged the world and, as we know, it was she who answered the challenge. Mr. Sidney Herbert, head of the War Department, wrote to the one woman in England whom he believed competent to relieve the situation; and while the mail was taking this letter to her it was bringing a letter to him from her, offering her services to her country.

And so it was that Florence Nightingale with thirty-eight other nurses, reached Scutari, November 4, 1854, to find health conditions at the Great Barrick Hospital the very worst that could be imagined. Literally four miles of human misery lay there—

with "human debris" pouring in from the field of Inkerman. The buildings were little better than pest-houses. Open sewers beneath the houses breathed their poisonous odors up and through the corridors and wards. Reporting this condition, Miss Nightingale said,

"It is impossible to describe the state of the atmosphere of the Barrack Hospital at night. I have been well acquainted with the dwellings of the worst part of most of the great cities of Europe, but have never been in any atmosphere I could compare with it."

Most of the necessary hospital supplies were not provided, while comforts of any sort were entirely lacking. The sheets were of course and heavy canvas, so disagreeable that the soldiers begged to be left in their softer blankets. Many of them still wore their uniforms which were stiff with blood and dirt. Ventilation was unheard of; the floors, walls and ceilings were wet and filthy. "It was a dreadful den of dirt, pestilence and death."

But Florence Nightingale was not to be daunted by such conditions. Unconsciously she had been preparing all her life to meet just this crisis. Within a few weeks the waste and polution from outside was cleared away; many windows had been cut in the walls; long rows of tidy white cots and mattresses upon which lay carefully tended patients had replaced the former crude accommodations, a diet kitchen and a laundry had been established. In other words, through Florence Nightingale's powers of organization, order had been brought out of chaos.

Then came days and nights of incessant activity. It seemed that she

was everywhere at once. Often she was seen at two o'clock in the morning making her solitary rounds with her little lamp held high in her hand. The soldiers loved her very shadow. One of them wrote home,

"She would speak to one and another, and nod and smile to many more; but she could not do it to all you know, for we lay there by hundreds; but we could kiss her shadow as it fell and lay our heads on our pillows again content."

In a few weeks she reduced the death rate from sixty per cent. to one per cent—a marvelous feat, to be sure. For two years she struggled here with disease, victorious in the end. In truth, it has been said that it was she, backed by loyal support at home, who won the war for the allies.

In 1856, she returned home to be, as a result of the hardships she had endured, an invalid the remainder of her life, yet not to stop her wonderful work. All England wanted to repay her in some way. A gift of fifty thousand pounds was offered her, which she refused to accept unless she

was allowed to build a hospital with it.

Thus it was that St. Thomas Hospital in London was opened. In reality it was a training school for nurses; for no one realized more than Florence Nightingale the great need for well-trained nurses. Under her supervision many others were established throughout England.

It must have been with great pleasure that the witnessed the realization of her highest hopes—that of reforming the hospitals in England. Nor was her influence felt only in England but thruout the civilized world. Her treatises on nursing, little classics of their kind, are most valuable. To her, nursing was a fine art and she made it so. With her death in 1910, ended the life of one of the noblest women the modern times have known. Her's was a life that was truly sacrificial; her vision, a world vision. Truly this "Lady with the Lamp" lit the light of a broader, more sympathetic humanity—a humanity such as motivated the Geneva Conference and the formation of the Red Cross.



Locals

THE DRAWING OF THE SWORD

On the evening of February 5th, as a very appropriate entertainment in honor of the faculty of the college, the senior class of the State Normal College presented "The Drawing of the Sword." This is a pageant for the present hour and a stirring representation of the world situation. It was written to arouse patriotism by putting before the people in a concrete way the real things for which we are fighting, and has met with great success all over the country. Its meaning is beautifully conveyed thru stately blank verse. The costuming is one of the main features of the pageant and the seniors carried this out unusually well with the help of some of the Greensboro patrons.

The Herald announced the theme of the Pageant and called the audience to follow him to the high court, where the allied nations would plead their cause at the court of Truth, Liberty and Justice. These three spirits entered and took their thrones.

To the court came Servia, stating the demands of Austria. Liberty and Justice bade him draw the sword. Truth warned him that the act would set the world afame, but Servia drew the sword. Desolate Belgium entered and to her defense came England and France and Russia, with fires of Revolution already smouldering. Japan brought a pledge of defense of the Pacific. From afar came the cry of Armenia. Italy, Portugal, Roumania and Poland joined. Truth warned of

the strength of the "black-eagles" as nations lamented their losses. While Liberty and Justice called loud to American democracy, imperial Russia fell and new Russia groped her way toward fires of freedom and war. Then trumpets heralded America, who entered and saluting her allies, pledged her sword to lasting peace and freedom under the great hand of God.

The cast was as follows:

The Herald, Anne Newton; Truth, Mary Gordon; Liberty, Laura Linn Wiley; Justice, Elizabeth Rountree; Servia, Marguerite Galloway; Belgium, Lucile Reams; England, Catherine Wilson; France, Dorothy Phelps; Imperial Russia, Lula Disosway; Canada, Evelyn McCullers; India, Mabel Jarvis; Australia, Madeline Thomson; Japan, Bell Bullock; Armenia, Gordon Thompson; Italy, Elsie Anderson; Poland, Ruth Reade; Portugal, Susie Brady; Roumania, Margaret Mathews; New Russia, Nancy Porter; America, Frances Walker. Attendants on Truth, Liberty, and Justice, and National Groups. Organist, Evangeline Brown.

At the request of the Faculty, the masque was presented again the following evening, to the students, for the benefit of the Red Cross. It is the general opinion that this is the best thing of its kind ever presented at the Normal.

MAGAZINE NIGHT

The Cornelians were very delightfully entertained by a program which

was something of an innovation. Instead of the usual dramatic or musical features, the program consisted entirely of literary numbers all of which were written by members of the society. Miss Russell's story was especially remarkable for its advanced technique. Miss Seawell delightfully rendered a character poem. The closing number "The Children's Story Time" was very charming and especially attractive was the little fairy story, written and told by Miss Jones. The programme was:

Imagination in the Saddle, Ruby Sisk
Her Harp ----- Nell Bishop
Evening ----- Annie May Pharr
Out of Devil's Gap

Adelaide Van Noppen
Jest a' Settin' Still . . . Meade Seawell
The Last Tiny Thing . . . Edith Russell
Story Time:

- The Princess Tinklebell Elizabeth Jones
 - The Two Little Birds Elizabeth Albright
 - Lullaby ----- Marguerite Jenkins

The Society is to be complemented for this unusual program. It is hoped that another of its kind will be given soon.

SPRING ATHLETICS BEGINS

On February 7th, the Athletic Association met and elected the following officers for the spring term:

President ----- Vivian Draper
Senior Vice-Pres. --- Blanche Howie
Junior Vice Pres. --- Rebecca Symmes
Sophomore Vice-Pres. Elsie Swindell
Freshman Vice-Pres.

Mildred Barrington
Special Vice-Pres. Irene Stacy
Secretary Elsie Yarborough
Since the snow is gone for good, we

are expecting to do some hard work in Hockey and Basket Ball during the next few weeks.

BACKING THEM UP

At a short mass meeting on the evening of February 12th, five hundred and seventy-five Normal students signed their names to a petition to be sent to their Senators—Hon. Overman and Hon. Simmons—asking them to represent us by voting for the Susan B. Anthony Bill. We hope that this is the last time that such an opportunity will present itself.

NORTHEFIELD, JR.

A very interesting and profitable Y. W. C. A. Conference, similar to the one held at Northfield during the first days of January, was held here among our students on February 9th and 10th. Our own student Body furnished delegates who represented all the well known colleges of the field. The theme of the whole conference was Christian Principles of World Democracy, and besides some splendid talks made by the Students we were fortunate enough to have excellent speeches by Dr. Weatherford, Misses Harriet Elliott, Leggett and Byrd. The entire Conference was a success made possible by the seriousness and frankness of the delegates. Big visions were seen and the fulfillment will soon be felt throughout the Student Body. This is the first Conference of this kind that has been held, but we hope that out success will urge other Colleges to attempt a similar practical solving of their Campus problems.

DR. SMITH WITH THE MATHEMATICS CONFERENCE

The North Carolina Mathematics Association held its Annual Meeting at the Normal College in February. The occasion was most interesting, not only to the teachers of the State, who attended, but also for the Faculty and Students of the Normal College. Through the courtesy of Dr. Foust, the Association had secured as a lecturer for the occasion, Dr. Eugene Smith, of Teacher's College, Columbia University.

Dr. Smith spent two days with us, and during that time he gave us three lectures, and conducted a roundtable discussion before the Mathematics Association.

In the first of these lectures, given before the entire Student Body, Dr. Smith gave, in a most interesting manner, a justification for the teaching of mathematics. "Not so much for its practical or disciplinary value as for its human interest," was the theory he gave his audience.

There were other lectures, one of which was illustrated by stereopticon slides of the early history of the subject. Dr. Smith has a great number of

interesting slides, showing early manuscripts and old mathematical instruments, as well as portraits of many great mathematicians.

A number of our former students, who are now teaching mathematics, as well as many other mathematics teachers of our State attended the Conference, and all who were privileged to be here felt that we were especially favored to have as our guest so distinguished a man of national and international reputation as Dr. Smith.

ANNOUNCEMENT

The Library of the State Normal College will appreciate the assistance of former students in securing the following numbers of the State Normal Magazine:

- Vol. 2—1898, Nos. 1, 5.
- Vol. 3—1898-9, Nos. 2, 4, 6.
- Vol. 9—1904-5, Nos. 4, 6.
- Vol. 10—1905-6, Nos. 4, 6.
- Vol. 11—1906-7, Nos. 4, 6.
- Vol. 13—1908-9, Nos. 1, 5, 6.
- Vol. 16—1911-12, Nos. 7, 8.
- Vol. 17—1912-13, Nos. 1, 7.

ANNIE F. PETTY,
Librarian.

Exchange Department

We have been much pleased with the February number of the *Wake Forest Student*. The literary department, while not very full, is made up of well organized contributions. The two stories, "No Charge" and "When the Red God Aided" deserve especial mention, both for their style and for their unusual plots. Although the essays are well written, we think that it might have been better, had their themes been more varied. We noticed a lack of poetry in this number, and hope that this deficiency will be supplied.

In the *Western Maryland College Monthly* we find twenty-eight pages not including the directory and the advertisements. Of these twenty-eight pages, ten make up what might be termed the Literary department if it were not too amateurish to deserve such a term. There is an oration, which in its denunciation of the Kaiser as the sole evil inhabitant of the world is ridiculous, one "near" poem, an essay worthy perhaps of high school English classes, one sentimental story, and editorials which are unbelievable of college students. The exchange department deserves honorable mention since it is an admirable gleaning of jokes from the various college publications. What is the matter with the college?

The January number of the *Davidson College Magazine* is a well assorted number and is somewhat refreshing in its difference from the usual college

Magazine articles. The story, *The Letter of the Law*, is quite good and carries out its dominant tone throughout its length, and its ending is really delightful. *The Man with the Fuse* is a well worked out story, with vivid background and character development; while *Rose Bushes and Worms* is a charming and novel little sketch. *A Tale of Old Japan* has color and the spirit of adventure which a story of this type should have, and tho the denouement is somewhat trite, it is an enjoyable little tale.

The *Queen of the Spinning Room*, in the part of it which the magazine contained (several pages of it were omitted from the copy we received), contained a rather amateurish condemnation of the women of what is termed in the story "high society," principally on the charge that they "try to be cute," and an unskilled laudation of the woman who threw away her social position and went to work in a factory. It seems to us that this story might have been less didactic in its style and less puritanic in its judgment; for we yet believe that there is some good deep down in the heart of the woman of "high society."

Our exchanges have been somewhat delayed, but we have received the following publications:

The Wellesley College Magazine, *The Wake Forest Student*, *The Davidson College Magazine*, *The Concept*, *The Pine and Thistle*, and *Western Maryland College Monthly*.



Normal Specials

Miss R.: Uncle William, when can you clean off the basket ball court for us?

Uncle W.: Well, Miss, I can't do it today but bring it to me arly in d'mornin' and I'll fix it d' first thing.

Ten minutes and no Dr. Gudger—
Miss R. goes for him—He staggers in sleepily: "Girls if ever you get so busy studying that you forget to come to class, I'll excuse you—you see I was so deeply interested in some work I didn't quite complete last summer, that I didn't hear the bell." Miss R. (from rear of room whispers) "He was sleeping."

They taught him how to hemstitch and they taught him how to sing
And how to make a basket out of variegated string,
And how to fold a paper so he wouldn't hurt his thumb,
They taught a lot to Bertie, but he couldn't do a sum.

They taught him how to mold the heel of Hercules in clay,
And how to tell the difference 'twixt the bluebird and the jay,
And how to sketch a horsie in a little picture frame,
But strangely they forgot to teach him how to spell his name.

Now Bertie's Pa was cranky, and he went one day to find

What 'twas they did that made his son so backward in the mind.
"I don't want Bertie wrecked," he cried, his temper far from cool,
"I want him educated;" so he took him out of school.

—Selected, *Alunmae News*

ODE: "TO THE ANTIS"

Roun'—Roun'—Roun'
The sneaking snipers, chase, em!
Back this way—up—now down!
Don't be feared ter face 'em!
They thought they'd crowd up in m' throat,
An' grin, an' git my angry goat,
But another think was comin' to 'em—
For when you "Antis" 'gun ter shov' em,
They aint got no showin';
They'll jes' reap what they been sowin'.
When that nurse-woman broke my skin,
With that long spike that you was in,
I never dreamt what you could do—
But Law! there's 'bout ten billion o' you!
Go after 'em, little "Antis," and git them "Dippy Bugs."

That went to work to keep me frum all them nice girl's hugs.

And I'll set an' wave a pam-leaf fan,
Ter cool yer while yer give 'em san'.
Keep up the racket 'til you git 'em.
But when you've caught and et 'em,
Then please lay down, and lay there still,
Er else I'll turn ter a grindin' mill.

LUCY CRISP, '19, ADELPHIAN

Mr. S.: What is an optimist and a pessimist?

Student: An optimist is a person who is happy when he is miserable, and a pessimist is a person who is miserable when he is happy.

STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE

ORGANIZATIONS

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